AFRO-AMERICAN CULLINGS

MAJOR ROBERT R. MOTON

Major Robert R. Moton, commandant of Hampton Institute for over twenty years, is, next to Booker T. Washington, the most distinguished graduate of Hampton.

He is president of the Negro Organization Society of Virginia, and secretary of the Jeanes Fund Board.

Major Moton has traveled all over the country with Booker T. Washington, and is credited with exerting a tremendous influence in bringing white and colored people into more helpful relations.

David F. Houston, federal secretary of agriculture, is a firm believer in the need for co-operative action among farmers. In a recent address before the national grange he said:

"In simple justice the producer must be paid specifically for what he produces and for nothing else, and the consumer must receive what he thinks he purchases and must be willing to pay a fair price for a good product. It is absolutely clear that before the problems of rural credit and of marketing the individual farmer, acting alone, is helpless. Nothing less than concerted action will suffice. Co-operation is absolutely essential. The same business sense and the same organizing genius which have placed this nation in the front rank in industry must be invoked for agriculture.

"I am not advocating an organization which will attempt to establish a closed market and to fix prices. I am advocating simply an economic arrangement which will facilitate production and enable the producer to find the readiest and best market for his product and the consumer to receive his supplies at the lowest cost. It goes without saying that the members of the co-operative society must be those who are bona fide producers, and that every approach of the exploiter must be aggressively repelled. The object must be specifically economic and not remotely political."

The proper distance between the eyes is the width of one eye.

A few days ago at Tuskegee, Ala., was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of Negro farming. The subject of discussion was "Fifty Years of Negro Farm Life."

The conference was preceded by a parade showing the improvements that have been made in farming during that period. Among the features were the Negro farmer of half a century ago with his cob pipe, ox and wooden plough. The wooden plough was followed by another old-time farmer with a small mule and a scooter plough. Then came a more up-to-date farmer with a good mule, but still a one-horse plough. Next a two-horse plough, followed by a four-horse gang plough, disc harrow, roller, seed drill, mower, binder, thrasher, gasoline engine, corn harvester, cotton stalk chopper and other farming implements.

At the workers' conference "The Conservation of Negro Health" was discussed. It is estimated that every year sickness and death cost the Negroes of the country $60,000,000.

Among the many definitions of genius, that of Thomas A. Edison has the virtue of brevity, not to say wit: "Genius is two per cent. inspiration and 98 per cent. perspiration."

What a girl likes about an engagement ring is that it doesn't back up her blushing denials.

Guadaloupe is growing a new kind of coffee, introduced from the Congo country. This is known as "coffee robusta," and it was discovered in 1898.

Farm segregation, as the newest and most pressing development of the Negro problem in the south, was the main topic of the public conference at the annual meeting of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People held in New York recently. Te speaker who told of the movement, to curtail the land holdings of Negroes was Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, director of publicity and research for the association and the first to spread the facts of the situation in the north. He attacked the position of Clarence Poe, editor of the Progressive Farmer, as one of the chief supporters of the idea of farm segregation, and reviewed the progress in agriculture and property in land on the part of the Negro, which has led to the plan to limit his activities.

Dr. DuBois began his talk on farm segregation by reviewing the solution of the Negro problem suggested twenty-five years ago: "Take the Negro out of politics. Train him for work, particularly for farm work. The result will be the disappearance of the Negro problem." He went on to give statistics to show that the Negro has submitted to practical disfranchisement throughout a large part of the south, and to complete social discrimination against him, to gain the chance for education and independent support. The results have been, Dr. DuBois asserted, that the Negro schools have been neglected, that a large proportion of the Negro children are not in school, and that there has been quiet but determined opposition to the success of the higher schools for Negroes, while in the industrial and agricultural field the Negro has had to contend against tremendous odds.

Instead of welcoming the fact that despite odds the Negro has developed his abilities and acquired farm property, as the working out of the solution suggested a quarter of a century ago, Dr. DuBois said, the advancement of the race has aroused alarm. So long as the Negro accepted education as training to work for the white man there was no trouble, he said, but when he began to work for himself, objections at once suggested themselves. The result is the proposition of Clarence Poe, as editor of the Progressive Farmer, that when the greater part of the acreage of a section is owned by one race the voters may say that no land within this section shall be sold to a member of another race, provided the vote is reviewed and approved by a judge or a county commission. This plan, Dr. DuBois asserted, is based on the theory of race segregation, which has resulted in degradation and failure in the case of the Indians, and which is now aimed at a far larger class, the Negroes.

Mrs. Robert M. LaFollette told the good qualities of the Negroes as citizens as she had observed them, their ambition, their willingness to work, their love of home and their natural cheerfulness. In closing she urged that the checking of the activity of the race meant danger to the nation.

A room in a school in Los Angeles has been modeled after the principal room in a Roman house, in the belief that the pupils will learn Latin more rapidly in appropriate surroundings.

The Yorkshire (England) village of Kettlewell, which was only recently furnished with electric light, is yet without telephones.

Race prejudice and its eradication were the topics discussed at the second of the season's Saturday luncheons of the Republican club at New York. Discrimination against the Jews, Japanese, Chinese and negro was taken up respectively by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Schulman, Rabbi of Temple Beth-el; Dr. Toyokichi Syvenaga, professor of history in the University of Chicago; Prof. H. C. Mei, secretary of the China Society of America, and Butler R. Wilson of Boston.

Speaking in behalf of the negro, Mr. Wilson said that appeals to the church, society and the agents of the constitution had alike failed to ameliorate conditions, and that the government had bowed down to race prejudice. In the south, the speaker said, race prejudice was unreasoning and fixed, while in the north it was emotional hysteria.

Napoleon III. strictly limited preachers before him to a quarter of an hour, and if they exceeded it an officer of the imperial household stepped to the pulpit and stopped the discourse.

Wooden pails are being displaced by steel receptacles, says the American Machinist. For the paint trade alone one plant turns out every year 4,000,000 steel pails to hold white lead.

More than 3,000 cases of typhoid fever were reported in New York city in the month of September.

New York's first elevated railroad was built in Greenwich street in 1857 and was operated by a cable which ran underground and over the structure upon spider wheels.

PERSONAL SIDE of LINCOLN

WHEN Lincoln lived in Springfield, Ill., and practiced law, he worked hard by fits and starts, and gave a considerable portion of his office hours to newspapers, story-swapping, poetry, history, geometry—anything but work. His house was near his office, but if it be true that "home is the other person," his home was not a place to turn to with glad relief when the time came to put on his rickety plug hat and leave the office.

Lincoln generally got to the office in the morning at 9 o'clock, and when it was later, Herndon, his partner, knew there had been trouble at home, for Lincoln then had no cheerful morning greeting, only a grunt, as he fell wolfishly upon the morning's mail. He might have lunched, easily enough, at home, but he preferred crackers and cheese at the office, and often stayed there until after dark.

Sometimes he would "knock off" in the late afternoon and clean out the stable and saw wood, feed the horse and milk the cow. He had a passion for "chores" of his boyhood days on his father's pitiful acres. He was his own hired man until and even after his election as president. At midnight a neighbor saw him once chopping wood for his supper when his wife was away.

In the evening, having no club, Lincoln would ordinarily go to the grocery store and spellbind the cracker box habitues with some more of his everlasting anecdotes—only two of which, he insisted, were his own invention. If a minstrel show came to town he was sure to be a front-row, first-night patron, and, next to blackface comedy, he was enamored of "magic-lantern" entertainments. He had a passion for probing into the mysteries of anything mechanical, and if he were alive today the automobile would have given him great joy.

When circuit riding in the ante-railway days he would utilize the rest of the noon hour after luncheon at some wayside farmhouse in crawling under and prowling over the harvest machinery, as full of questions as a schoolboy, more insatiably curious than any of Eve's daughters. As he walked the streets of Springfield every vehicle he saw interested him, and the interior economy of the kitchen clock pleased him unutterably.

In the house he spent most of his time indulging his children, playing with the cat, like Montaigne, or lying sprawled out, like Caliban, on the floor of the hall reading. He didn't like the parlor, because the haircloth chairs and marble table, the wax flowers under a glass bell, the portrait album and the family Bible, with their huge glass clasps, represented Mrs. Lincoln's ideas of magnificence and not his own notion of solid comfort. He would be in his shirt sleeves, and if loud knocking at the front door disturbed his elegant leisure he would go to the door just as he was and promise to "trot the women folks out" without delay. Mrs. Lincoln never forgave him for helping himself to butter at the table with his own knife.

Lincoln's favorite outer garb as he sallied forth in winter for his office was an ancient gray shawl; he took particular pains never to have his hat brushed or his shoes blacked; his carpet bag threatened at the seams to disgorge its burthen of legal documents; his green cotton umbrella had no handle to speak of, and inside was the legend, "A. Lincoln," the letters cut out of white muslin and sewed to the faded cloth. Altogether he looked like the advance agent of a Denman Thompson show. In 1856 a pair of spectacles cost him thirty-seven and one-half cents.

The office was in character with the notorious indifference to appearances of the senior partner of the firm. Once a young law student attempted to blaze a trail through the accumulated rubbish, and found that some seeds given by a congressman had taken root and sprouted in the dirt.

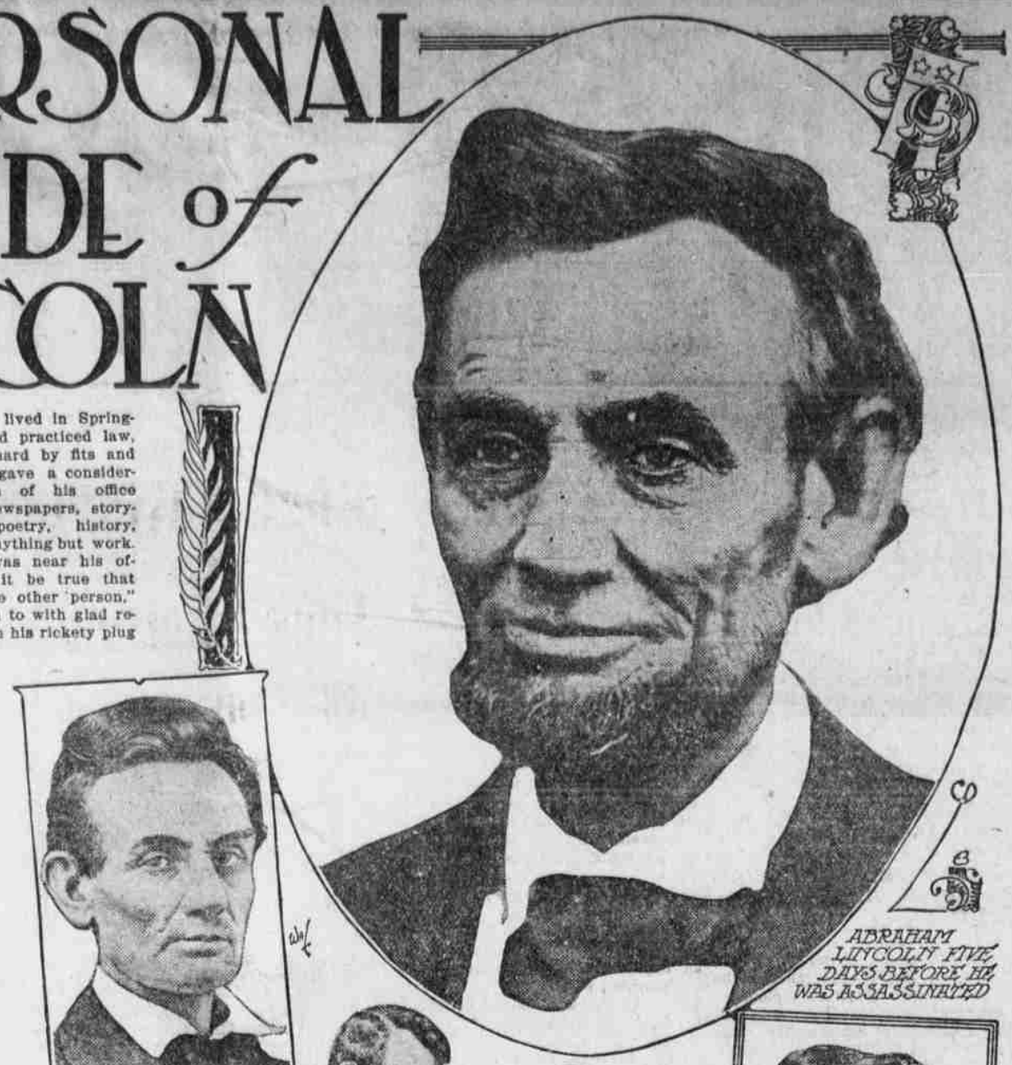
The mailbox was Lincoln's old plug hat, as was formerly the case when he was postmaster at New Salem. He also used the hat as a repository for legal papers of importance. Miscellaneous transactions were confided to the safekeeping of a mammoth envelope, on which Lincoln had scrawled, "When you can't find IT anywhere else, look into this."

When Lincoln went into court there was none of the see-the-conquering-hero swagger about him. He would say, "Well, here I am, ain't you glad to see me?" and if in the course of the argument it was necessary for him to concede a point to the other side he would remark, "I reckon it would be fair to let in that," and when overruled by the court would laugh and say, "Well, I reckon I must be wrong."

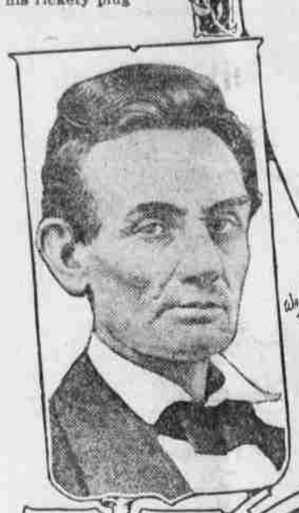
When a lawyer asked him if an attachment had the force of a summons his confession of ignorance was cheerfully frank, "Damfino." On a long palavering letter requesting his legal service he wrote laconically, "Count me in. A. Lincoln."

The accounts of the firm never bothered him—he left all that to Herndon. He never disfigured the account book himself with a reckoning. When anybody gave him money for legal services he would divide with Herndon, if the latter was in the office, and when Herndon was not there he would wrap the money up in a piece of paper, mark it in pencil, "Case of Smith vs. Jones—Herndon's half," and leave it in a drawer of his partner's desk.

When they made him president and he was just about to take the train for Washington he went to the old office for the last time and found Herndon there.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN FIVE DAYS BEFORE HE WAS ASSASSINATED



LINCOLN AS PRESIDENT-ELECT

LINCOLN WITH LITTLE "TAD"

LINCOLN THE LAWYER

"Billy," he said, "you and I have been together for more than ') years, and in all that time we've never had a hard word. Will you let my name stay on the old sign till I get back from Washington?"

The tears came into Herndon's eyes. He took the bony, prehensile hand of the "rail splitter" in his own.

"Abe," he said, "I'll never have another partner while you live," and until the day of Lincoln's assassination the dingy "shingle" before the office bore the name "Lincoln & Herndon."

On January 9, 1863, with the aftermath of Fredericksburg on his hands, and the mooted appointment of Hooker to chief command and a thousand and one other things obsessing his mind and his heart, Lincoln telegraphed his wife at Philadelphia:

"Mrs. Lincoln, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Think you had better put Tad's pistol away. I had an ugly dream about him.

"A. LINCOLN."

In August of the same year, the month after the surrender of Vicksburg, we find Lincoln writing to his wife:

"Tell dear Tad poor 'Nanny Goat' is lost, and Mrs. Cuthbert and I are in distress about it. The day you left Nanny was found resting herself and chewing her little cud on the middle of Tad's bed; but now she's gone! The gardener kept complaining that she destroyed the flowers, till it was concluded to bring her down to the White House. This was done, and the second day she had disappeared, and has not been heard of since. This is the last we know of poor Nanny."

The next year there were two goats, and Lincoln incurred the cordial displeasure of his entourage by his fondness for the society of these animals.

It seemed to be Lincoln's peculiar misfortune to be surrounded most of the time by people who knew not the meaning of the expression, "The saving sense of humor." The mere hint of an appropriate parable, or a quotation from Artemus Ward, was enough to excite Secretary Stanton.

Senator Wade strode in one day like a rotary snowplow and wanted Grant dismissed. Grant had been winning victories, sleeping on the ground with no overcoat or blanket and with a toothbrush for his entire baggage. Halleck and McClellan had had him arrested for "drunkenness;" Lincoln had often been asked to remove him, and had replied, "I can't spare that man; he fights."

So when Wade came in with the demand that Grant should be deposed Lincoln caught eagerly at a chance remark of the irate and pompous senator and said, "Senator, that reminds me of a story."

"Yes, yes," retorted Wade, "of course; with you it's always a story! You are the father of every military blunder that has been made during the war. You are on your road to hell, sir, with this government, by your obstinacy; and you are not a mile off this minute."

"Senator," said Lincoln very mildly, "that is just about the distance from here to the Capitol, isn't it?"

Wade, in speechless indignation—to use Lincoln's words—"grabbed up his hat and cane and went away."

Secretary Chase's ambition to supplant Lincoln in the presidential chair did not worry Lincoln half so much as it did the Job's comforters who surrounded him. To one of these Lincoln said, "You were brought up as a farmer, wern't you? Then you know what a chinfly is. My brother and I were once plowing corn on a farm, I driving the horse and he holding the plow. The horse was lazy, but on one occasion rushed across the fields so that I, with my long legs, could scarcely keep pace with him. On reaching the end of the furrow I found an enormous chinfly fastened upon him and knocked him off. My brother asked me what I did that for. I told him I didn't want the old horse bitten in that way. 'Why,' said my brother, 'that's all that made him go.' Now, if Mr. Chase has a presidential chinfly biting him I am not going to knock him off if it will only make his department go."

Edward Dicey, in the Spectator, gives the impression made by Lincoln's outward appearance on the mind of a typical cultivated Englishman. "To say that he is ugly is nothing; to add that his figure is grotesque is to convey no adequate impression. Fancy a man 6 feet high and thin, bony arms and legs, which, somehow, seem to be always in the way, with large rugged hands which grasp you like a vice when shaking yours, with a long, scraggy neck, and a chest too narrow for the great arms hanging by his side; add to this figure a head, cocoanut-shaped and somewhat too small for such a stature, covered with rough uncombed and uncombable lank, dark hair, that stands out in every direction at once; a face furrowed, wrinkled and indented as though it had been scarred by vitriol; a high narrow forehead, and sunk deep beneath bushy eyebrows, two bright, somewhat dreamy eyes, that seemed to gaze through you without looking at you; a few irregular blotches of black, bristly hair in the place where beard and whiskers ought to grow; a close set, thin lipped stern mouth, with two rows of large white teeth; and a nose and ears which have been taken by mistake from a head of twice the size. Clothe this figure, then, in a long, tight, badly fitting suit of black, creased, soiled and puckered up at every salient point of the figure—and every point of this figure is salient—put on large, ill-fitting boots, gloves too long for the long bony fingers, and a fluffy hat, covered to the top with dusty, puffy crape; and then add to all this an air of strength, physical as well as moral, and a strange look of dignity coupled with all this grotesqueness, and you will have the impression left upon me by Abraham Lincoln. You would never say he was a gentleman. You would still less say he was not one . . . there are men to whom the epithet . . . appears utterly incongruous, and of such the president is one. Still there is about him a complete lack of pretension, and an evident desire to be courteous to everybody, which is the essence if not the outward form of high breeding. There is a softness, too, about his smile, and a sparkle of dry humor about his eye, which redeem the expression of his face and remind one more of the late Dr. Arnold, as a child's recollection recalls him to me, than any other face I can recall to memory. . . . He is a humorist, not a buffon. . . ."

CHINESE IN GARDEN

Methods Which Have Brought Large Financial Returns.

Two Crops a Year of First Quality Tubers—Has Abiding Faith in Hot and Cold Water—How He Raises Potatoes.

A Chinese market gardener of our town who has grown rich at his business has some very unique methods, but which are worth copying, for his gardens, both artistically and financially, are a great success, writes M. F. Rittenhouse in the Rochester Herald.

He saves his squash and pumpkin seeds for the next year's planting by the simple process of keeping the squash or pumpkin that especially strikes his fancy in a cool, dry place until the next planting season. Then he plants them with pieces of the pulp adhering, and they appear above ground with mushroom like promtness.

His muskmelon seeds he ties up in a bag of coarse burlap and covers this loosely with rich soil, allowing the seeds to sprout before planting them.

He also preserves his cucumber seeds in the cucumber, which he coats carefully with paraffin as soon as pulled from the vine.

When he irrigates his potatoes (and he raises two crops on the same land each year) he waters long and deeply; and his potatoes never grow near enough to the surface to get sunburned, as do those of the inexperienced gardeners who lightly sprinkle the surface of their potato patch as scantily and often as they sprinkle their lettuce beds.

There is no question as to the superiority in size and quality of the deep grown potato over those grown close to the surface.

His beet seed are soaked in water for at least forty-eight hours before planting. He sets them to soak in warm water and during the daytime keeps the vessel containing them as much in the sunshine as possible.

I have never yet seen him throw away a young plant of any description. He merely transplants them, and I do not believe it an exaggeration to say that nine-tenths of the plants survive and flourish, for he is surely a past master in the art—for it is an art—of transplanting.

For example, when his lettuce plants grow to about the height of two inches, he thins out the bed, and, clipping off about an inch of the root tip of each plant he pulls up, he replants in long rows, and the transplanted lettuce makes a more rapid and larger growth than the plants which he has left undisturbed.

The replanted (or rather transplanted) lettuce, with its clipped roots, grows to such enormous heads that at a short distance they remind one of thrifty cabbage rows.

He never uproots the head lettuce he markets. Instead he leaves the stalks in the ground and assiduously waters and cultivates them, whereupon they produce another head in about half the time required for the first head to reach a marketable size.

His beet plants are transplanted with clipped roots in precisely the same manner as the lettuce.

His onions, which are invariably started from the seed (he refuses to use sets), are transplanted after having their roots clipped and grow to be larger in circumference than the ordinary saucer.

He also beheads his cabbage, leaving the stalk to grow. He cuts slight nicks or gashes in the growing stalk, which, watered and tended, produces a second growth that are in appearance fair imitations of brussels sprouts and quite as good to eat.

His faith in the forcing powers of warm water is sublime. I have known him to heat water for his radishes in the chill days of spring, testing its temperature as carefully as if preparing a baby's bath.

He is equally expert in rooting rose cuttings. This he does during the entire year, but he considers August the most auspicious month, though I doubt if he could give a reason for thinking so.

For his cuttings he ties bits of twine tightly about the branches just below where they form a "Y" with a smaller branch growing from them. He allows this twine to remain below the joint for three weeks, then removes the cutting by severing it just below the twine.

He plants his cuttings by thrusting his spade once deep in the soil. He then slips the cutting in the opening, draws out the spade, presses the earth down firmly and the cutting is planted.

He plants his grapevine cuttings in the same way.

Using Their Old Stamps.

At all seasons of the year, but more particularly at holiday time, letters are held up by the postal authorities because they have been stamped with foreign postage. Apparently many newcomers bring a supply of their own country's stamps to America, and either through ignorance or carelessness they stick them on the first letters they write.

Naturally these letters travel no further than the first postal station. After that they suffer the delay of all mail held up for insufficient postage.

The addressee is notified that mail is lying in the New York postoffice and that it will be forwarded upon receipt of the required postage. In case of foreign-bound letters a tedious and expensive process is necessary to get them to their destination.

Find Cure for Leprosy.

Filipino doctors think they may have discovered a cure for leprosy in the administration of an oil called chaulmoogra. Experiments carried on at the San Lazaro hospital by the Philippines bureau of health resulted in the discharge as cured of two patients. In both cases, according to the report of the director of the bureau, after the administration of chaulmoogra oil for some time, all treatment was discontinued for the period of one year, the final microscopical examination showing negative results.

Bacteria in Public Baths.

Electrolyzed sea water, poured into swimming pools in small quantities, has proved to be an effective sterilizer to be used in the fight against noxious bacteria. Its sterilizing action is so great, as experiment has shown, that thirty gallons will keep the water in an 85,000-gallon tank clear and free from bacterial organisms for several days. And the electrolyzed sea water costs only about $10 per 1,000 gallons. The need of such a sterilizer is shown by the fact that in a fresh-water pond of 100,000 gallons, used by 380 bathers, the bacteria have been known to increase from 500 to 342,000 per cubic centimeter (about 1-16 cubic inch) in one day.—Popular Mechanics.

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, do you know all about a brass band?

Paw—Yes, my son. Why do you ask?

Willie—Well, if a horn player gets sick does his substitute?

Paw—You go to bed, Willie.

Novel Point of the Law

A unique case involving the old presumption of "marital coercion" in criminal cases is reported by the London Law Journal in Rex. vs. Mary Ann Green, in which it appeared that the prisoner and a man named Russell were jointly indicted for stealing two suits of clothes from a pawnbroker's shop. The prisoners were undefended, and when the case against them was presented there was no suggestion that they were connected with each other, but it was presumed that they were accidentally in the shop at the same time. After both had been found guilty a detective said he believed there was some relationship between them, but Russell objected to this evidence and it was shut out. After they were sentenced it was discovered that they were husband and wife. The female prisoner appealed from conviction, and not only did she fail to raise the point of marital coercion, but she insisted that she didn't know the co-defendant. In spite of this the court of criminal appeals felt bound to quash her conviction on the ground of the woman's relationship with Russell, probably for the reason that the woman was undefended and was unaware of her legal rights.

Just Acting Natural.

We were playing bridge the other night (confesses a correspondent) and played a game that was just a little rottener than my ordinary game, if such a thing might be conceived to be possible. When he held the post-mortem I was impelled to remark:

"I'm afraid I made a fool of myself in that hand."

My partner, with an evident wish to console me, hastened to answer:

"Oh, I don't see how you could have done anything else!"